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Out of its night to the wild
Glad urge of its day.
So, while they go on their way,
She can wait
By the gate.

While I, who make of my brain and my soul and my hand,
Only a fugitive song for the mirth of the land,
Turn, as the blind must turn to the warmth of the sun,
Reverently, and alone, in the presence of one
Who, mutely and steadfastly, up from the night and the sod,
Is shaping a life in the wonderful likeness of God.

TO ONE IN FLANDERS

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

As on that day, among the red leaves blowing,
We lay and watched the wild hawks windward throng,
You looked at me—and, like thin water flowing,
Time and creed went past;
And old earth sang to us her old wild song.

As on that day—alone, 'mid dead leaves blowing,
I stand and watch the dark ships seaward glide,
And wonder if the Flemish autumn's strowing
Red, low-singing leaves
Where, like stopped water, your wild splendor died.

Do you regret, in fields of ghost-flowers blowing,
The sterner love that cleaved our passion here?
Or do you dream my tears are dewdrops glowing
Round your unmarked sleep?
And do you wake, and weep—I wonder, Dear?